

THE NEW PLAY

Lena Ashwell's
Vivid Acting
In a Gloomy Play.

A DARK, grim play was illumined by the vivid flashes of Miss Lena Ashwell's art at the Lyric Theatre last night, when the Canadian actress who has won distinction in London made her first New York appearance in "The Shulamite."

Only an actress of superior gifts could rise above the gloomy dead level of Edward Knoblauch's dramatization of Claude Askew's dreary story of a South African farm. The tale is theore-tical, and the play is a "popular success," and for that reason it is not likely to become a "popular success." It is too hard to suit those who dine on the marshmallow play. For two acts it is as direct and



Miss Lena Ashwell as Deborah, Ed R. Mawson as Simeon Krillet, and Robert Waring as John Blair, who received some aid from Mr. Mawson, but almost none from Mr. John Blair, who walked and mouthed through the part of the could see in him.

There was an utter lack of sympathy between Miss Ashwell and Mr. Blair, and this, together with evident nervousness, may explain why her performance did not reach the standard of the one she gave in London. At the same time she thrilled her audience many times and interested it from beginning to end. When she sank on her knees under the whip of Simeon, her helplessness and the desperate groping in her mind for a means to save herself from fresh degradation evoked real pity. Her quick lie—that Simeon would be beating the mother of his unborn babe—seemed as justifiable as it was daring.

This swift turn is characteristic of Miss Ashwell. Her acting is filled with "surprises." A word dropped like a shot, a gesture that ends almost as it begins, and the story is told. Even more remarkable is her power to write pain upon her face. She sketches suffering as few actresses can. She knows the art of silent suffering—she knows how to make silence eloquent. She doesn't rave, she doesn't rant, and, best of all, she doesn't let down her hair. Her strange voice rises and falls like the wind, it comes in whispers and gusts.

But Miss Ashwell set herself almost too big a task in that hour of the second act, when Waring came back out of the storm in which his cart had been shattered by lightning and went out through another door to save Deborah's life by killing Simeon. Miss Ashwell was left alone on a stage that was almost smothered in darkness. A little more light and a little less lightning in that scene would be a great improvement. "The voice of God," as an exceedingly trying part of stage thunder was called, seemed unnecessarily loud and long, and the audience was inclined to take it as a joke. After telling Simeon that she loved Waring and that she had had about the child, Deborah was very badly off for light. And when Waring went out to meet Simeon and two shots were heard, Deborah was more in the dark than ever. In London it was possible to watch her face and it was worth watching—as she asked: "Dear God, which one?" Last night little more than Miss Ashwell's voice came out of the shadows and silence of that tense moment.

It is here that "The Shulamite" loses its grip. The last act, in which Simeon's sister weakens after her son threatens to fight to the death for Deborah, falls far short of the other two acts. While the lovers were getting ready to start for a new life last night, the audience was noisily getting ready for home.

Superfluous Hair. ANXIOUS—To have superfluous hair removed from the arms by electricity would cost you a small fortune. Any one of the good depilatories on the market will do perfectly. Have the electric needle used for the hair on the face.

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The "Hurry Up" New Yorker No. 9—When He Watches the Bulletin Board.



The Smoke Eater

A Thrilling Romance of the New York Fire Department.

By Seward W. Hopkins, Author of "Nightstick and Nozzle."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Fireman Jack Weslee loves and is loved by Alicia de Quesada, who has twice been rescued from death. Alicia's father is a diplomat, and she is devoted to the cause of the oppressed. Weslee is a fireman, and he is devoted to his duty. The two are in love, but their love is not understood by the world. Weslee is a fireman, and he is devoted to his duty. The two are in love, but their love is not understood by the world.



Engine Company. Also in top row, left to right—Henry J. Posthauer, P. Donohue, Edward J. Bourke, George L. McCort, Oscar A. Miller, John J. Healy, H. B. Donnell. Lower row, left to right—Engineer James H. Owens, Harry Schenck, Thomas W. Vane, Capt. T. J. McGovern, Lieut. John J. Buckley, Lawrence C. Meyers, William F. Stanton.

CHAPTER XVII.
The Honor of a Woman.
MR. GLENDALE had little difficulty in making himself known to the officials of the Tomb. The Warden admitted him to his private office. "I am not sure that the hour for my visit is proper," said Glendale, "but my purpose in coming was to have an interview, if possible, with the prisoner Weslee, the fireman accused of the murder of De Quesada." "What?" said the Warden, "mainly, as far as the hour and the privilege are concerned, Mr. Glendale, there is nothing to prevent. But you may have difficulty with the prisoner himself." "Why—what do you mean?" he asked. "Not so far as prison rules go. But he is the most mysterious prisoner we ever had. Possibly you may not have heard." "My time and attention have been given almost entirely to other matters," said Glendale. "The death of De Quesada left his affairs and mine in something of a tangle, and I have had little time to note each step of the progress of the case." "The case itself, against the prisoner, is progressing well. I mean that from what I can understand the evidence and his own silence are enough to convict him." "And does he still continue that policy of silence?" "Rigidly. He carries this silence to a fanatical degree. He will not talk to any one about it, and steadily refuses to see visitors." "Visitors? He will not see visitors?" "No. Men from the Fire Department, who are convinced that he is innocent, have been here, and have been re-

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

DON'T FALL IN LOVE HASTILY.
DON'T be in a hurry to think yourself in love. There is a time in every girl's life when she has lengthened her skirts and done up her hair when it seems to her the next thing is to fall in love with the first young man that comes along. Charles and Edythe and Evelyn, heroines of her favorite novels, all loved at eighteen and thereafter so much she. She meets two young men. Then she sits down and writes a letter asking me to tell her which one she is in love with, when as a matter of fact, she is in love with neither, but is simply anxious to be in love with some one.

She Would "Keep Company." Does She Care?
I AM in love with a young man and would like to keep company with him. I only see him once in a while and then always in company with another fellow, so that if I wanted to have a nice talk with him and ask him to call on me I feel as though I couldn't in the presence of this other fellow. Should I let him know I care for him, as he is a bashful fellow?
W.
Ask them both to call next time you meet them.

She Makes Eyes.
Dear Betty:
I LOVE a girl very much who is in our office. I have worked there a week. That girl is making eyes at me all the time. I would like to talk to her, but we have no one to introduce us. Should I go over to her and talk first?
HENRY.
If you can find any business pretext to do it, yes, since you are in the same office.

Cannot Support Her.
Dear Betty:
A young man and a girl love one another, but he could not support her at present, would it be proper for him to ask her to wait until he was able before proposing marriage? Or do you think it would be best to stop taking up the girl's society until such a time presents itself?
C. R.
Find out if the girl is willing to wait. Tell her your circumstances and that you love her. She must be the judge.

She Smiles at Him.
Dear Betty:
I WORKED in a printing concern for three months and fell in love with a girl working there one week. At noon I buy a box of candy and give her nearly all of it, and the other girls say to her: "You get more than we get." All day she looks over at me and smiles. How can I get more acquainted with her, as I love her dearly? Do you think she cares for me when she looks at me and smiles? LOUIS.
It looks as if she thought well of you. Ask her to go out or tell her you would like to call on her.

A Fickle Youth.
Dear Betty:
I AM in love with a young man of eighteen, which is one year senior. When I pass him by he speaks very nicely, but at other times he never notices me. He told me that he loved me, and I told him the same. Now, Betty, please advise me what to do.
You are too young for a serious love affair. If he says he loves you it is best to believe him.

Does She Love Him?
Dear Betty:
I AM deeply in love with a young lady who is four years older than I. I love her very much and would like to find out if she loves me. She goes out walking with me and I go to the theatre. I am eighteen, and I go to a business school, but I am promised a good position when I graduate. I would not like to lose this young lady, as I love her too much. Do you tell me how I could find out if she loves me and if the difference in our ages matters?
The difference is not great enough to matter, but you are too young to marry any one. The only way to find out if she loves you is to ask her.

All Accounted For!



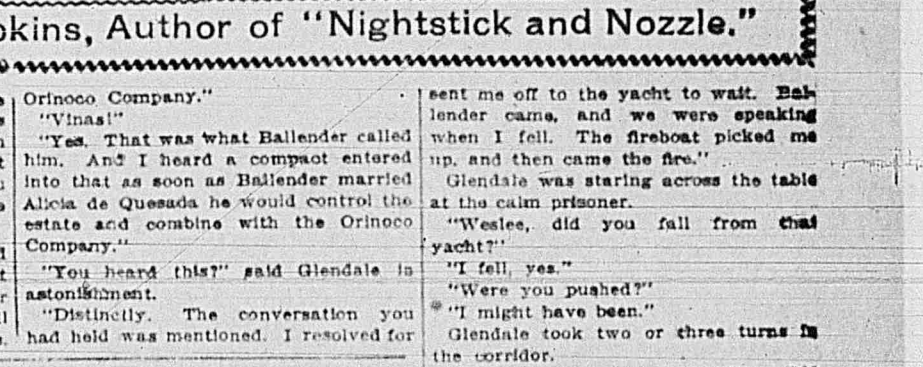
Wesley Whiffles—His paper says only seven New Yorkers was assessed as millionaires. Here used to be eight. Languorous Logan—Dat was fore I made Jolsey me legal residency.

Penalty of Wealth.



"Geo, I'm sorry I asked pa for these three reins and whip for Christmas. The fellers have been driving me to death ever since I got 'em!"

The Solution.



"He says he's lost. What'll I do with 'em?" "Aw, spark him an' send him home!"

sent me off to the yacht to wait. Bal-lender came, and we were speaking when I fell. The fireboat picked me up, and then came the fire. Glendale was staring across the table at the calm prisoner. "Weslee, did you fall from that yacht?" "I fell, yes." "Were you pushed?" "I might have been." "Glendale took two or three turns in the corridor." "Weslee, answer me a question. Did you kill De Quesada?" "I told you that was a forbidden subject." "Weslee's face was pale but determined. Glendale thought he had never seen a more manly one." "Weslee," he said, "speak to me in absolute confidence. When you learned why it was known that the point of the matter hung on whether De Quesada was in one place or another that night of the fire—did that determine your course?" "The two men stood looking into each other's eyes as only strong men can look in times of stress. Glendale was eager and impatient. Weslee was calm but white." "Answer me, Weslee. I shall respect your wishes. But for the love Alicia bears you, tell me this: Did you kill her father?" "No." "Then you are permitting your life to be sacrificed in an attempt to spare the honor of a woman?" "Weslee's head dropped and he walked to the other end of the room." (To Be Continued.)

Daily Knitting Chats. By Laura La Rue.



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